

A
FABLE
OF THE
Widow and her Cat.

I.

A WIDOW kept a Favourite Cat,
At first a gentle Creature;
But when he was grown Sleek and Fat,
With many a Mouse, and many a Rat,
He soon disclos'd his Nature.

II.

The Fox and He were Friends of old,
Nor cou'd they now be parted;
They Nightly slunk to rob the Fold,
Devour'd the Lambs, the Fleeces sold,
And Puss grew Lion-hearted.

III.

He scratch'd her Maid, he stole the Cream,
He tore her best lac'd Pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the Beam,
Nor Chick, nor Duckling 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the Fox to Dinner.

IV.

The Dame full wisely did Decree,
For fear He shou'd dispatch more,
That the false Wretch shou'd worry'd be:
But in a sawcy manner He
Thus Speech'd it like a L——re.

V. "Must

V.

" Must I, against all Right and Law,
 " Like Pole-Cat vile be treated?
 " I! who so long with Tooth and Claw
 " Have kept Domestick Mice in awe,
 " And Foreign Foes defeated!

VI.

" Your Golden Pippins, and your Pies,
 " How oft have I defended?
 " 'Tis true, the Pinner which you prize
 " I tore in Frolick; to your Eyes
 " I never Harm intended.

VII.

" I am a Cat of Honour—— Stay,
 Quo' She, no longer parly;
 Whate'er you did in Battle slay,
 By Law of Arms became your Prey,
 I hope you won it fairly.

VIII.

Of this, we'll grant you stand acquit,
 But not of your Outrages:
 Tell me, Perfidious! Was it fit
 To make my Cream a **PERQUISITE**,
 And Steal to mend your Wages?

IX.

So flagrant is Thy Insolence,
 So vile Thy Breach of Trust is;
 That longer with Thee to Dispenſe,
 Were want of Pow'r, or want of Sense:
 Here, Towzer!— Do Him Justice.

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